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Pela
"Cavalry"

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Black eyed peas and olive trees haphazardly
make their way over the barbed wire
the sun beats down upon our town
the red faced angry folk stomp all around
screaming high demands
some with rifles in their hands
and one by one and two by two
three by three then four
make their way over the barbed wire singing
la,la,la,la,la,la,laÂ…Â…Â…Â….

one by one and two by two
the great catapults are strained
and downward they descend upon our town
thereÂ’s a billow of smoke
it floats from the mountaintops
the cavalry now strained
flank single file lines
and storm like crazy
booms and slings "charge" the great general screams!
"everyone to his grave!"
or so the legend goes cause none were saved
none were saved

singing la,la,la,laÂ…Â…Â…

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